

No 187

Charles The Second
A Comedy

Bradley

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No. XIX.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

No. 77
CHARLES THE SECOND:

Alb. or, Bradley
THE MERRY MONARCH.

A Comedy

IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, ESQ. *A*

THE STAGE EDITION:

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I CANNOT but feel sensible how much this little comedy owes, for its success, to the admirable acting it has drawn forth. It has had the good fortune to present Mr. Charles Kemble in that line in which he is the peculiar delight of the public, and in which he stands unrivalled. Mr. Jones, Mr. Duruset, and Mrs. Faucit, are likewise entitled to my warmest thanks for the talent which they have exerted on the occasion.

If I make separate mention of Mr. Fawcett and Miss M. Tree, it is because I have had no previous opportunity of acknowledging their merits in another piece of mine, the opera of *Clari*; and I take this occasion to express my high and grateful sense of their excellence in both.

The part of *Captain Copp*, in the hands of Mr. Fawcett, is one of those rich and racy pieces of acting, that can only be furnished by the veteran artist in whom vigorous original talent has been refined and mellowed by time and experience. It has all the spirit of youthful days, with the generous flavor of maturer age. I may speak almost impartially on this subject, for, in fact, Mr. Fawcett has made the character his own by his inimitable acting.

If I say that Miss M. Tree, as *Mary*, frequently equals the best points of Mademoiselle Mars in the French original, she will not think I undervalue her genius by a comparison with the finest comic actress in existence. Of her *Clari*, I can but re-echo the admiration already bestowed upon it throughout the kingdom.

I understand that the authorship of this comedy has been claimed by different persons in the public papers, on the ground of their having produced translations of the French original,

which have been performed at the minor theatres. In reply to this I would observe, that I have never seen any of those translations. My play was written last autumn at Paris. It was founded on a printed copy of "*La Jeunesse de Henry V.*," of which a number of editions have appeared. The incidents and situations are nearly the same, but the dialogue differs essentially throughout, especially in the part of *Captain Copp*. I am not aware that the circumstance of one person's having translated a foreign play for any individual theatre, gives him an exclusive property in the original play. I believe foreign plays are considered open to any one, to alter and adapt according to his taste and ability; and, after all, the honour of a translation or adaptation is a matter very little worth contending for.

But, while I totally disclaim all benefits from contemporary translations, I must advert to material advantages which I have received from other sources, and I regret that I am restrained from acknowledging them except in general terms. My manuscript had been revised by a literary friend, to whom I am indebted for invaluable touches; and the Songs were supplied, during my absence, by, as I am informed, "a very amiable and accomplished young lady," whose concealment of her name shows that her modesty is equal to her merit.

London, June 5, 1824.

J. H. P.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS is the production of an American dramatist, Mr. Payne, author of "Brutus." As will be seen from his preface, it is borrowed from the French, and was originally brought out in London as far back as 1824. It keeps possession of the stage as a favorite after-piece, and is frequently played.

The character of *Captain Copp*, which is original with Mr. Payne, is skilfully drawn; and the historical traits of *Charles* and *Rochester* appear to be pretty faithfully preserved. Of course these last are neither very exemplary nor agreeable personages; although there are too many to be found, who resemble them, in the haunts of fashionable dissipation. The incident of the watch, on which the plot principally turns, is said to be true; but this is rather traditional than historical.

The comedy forms a light, gay, dashing little afterpiece; and, without conveying any very pointed moral, it keeps the attention pleasantly awake. Mr. Charles Kemble, as the "merry monarch," is said to have been inimitably successful. The piece was originally dedicated to him in the following terms :

TO

CHARLES KEMBLE,

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL OF GRATEFUL FRIENDSHIP,
AND SINCERE ADMIRATION OF HIS TALENT,

THIS TRIFLE

IS INSCRIBED BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Covent Garden.</i>	<i>Park.</i>	<i>Mitchell's Olympic.</i>
<i>King Charles II.</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.	Mr. Dyott.	Mr. Walcot.
<i>Rochester</i>	" Jones.	" Bland.	" Fenno.
<i>Captain Copp</i>	" Duruset.	" Bass.	" Nickinson.
<i>Edward</i>	" Fawcett.	" S. Pearson.	" Dennison.
<i>Lady Clara</i>	Mrs. Faucit.	Mrs. Abbott.	Miss Clarke.
<i>Mary Copp</i>	Miss M. Tree.	" Knight.	Miss Roberts.

Pages, Servants, &c.

COSTUMES.

KING CHARLES.—Large drab beaver hat, white plumes, point lace collar and cuffs, black circular cloak lined with white satin, and turned back with gold trimming. A star on the cloak. Green doublet, slashed with white satin from top to the bottom of sleeves, and richly embroidered. Sash of amber-coloured silk, with bows round the waist and sleeves. Deep buff full breeches, richly embroidered, with point lace at the knees. Yellow boots.—Sailor's dress: Very full blue tunic, to draw round the waist; full blue breeches, blue stockings, striped shirt, coarse baize cap, russet shoes.

ROCHESTER.—Two dresses of the same fashion as the king's, except that the embroidered dress is of plum colour, and no cloak. White satin sash, white bows, and white shoes.

EDWARD.—Scarlet doublet, white full breeches trimmed with gold button-holes and tassels, white puffs, white silk sash and gold fringe, white shoes.—Second dress: Same shape as the first, but of plain puce brown, trimmed with amber-coloured silk.

CAPTAIN COPP.—Very full scarlet tunic, drawn round the waist with black cord and black bows, striped shirt, large blue breeches, trimmed with yellow and large gilt ball buttons, cloak to match, with a few buttons but no other trimming, and large drab beaver hat.

TWO WAITERS, in plain doublets.

BEEF-EATERS.

LADY CLARA.—Very rich pink satin dress, with full sleeves, trimmed with pearl beads.

MARY.—Black velvet body, blue silk skirt trimmed with point lace, and point lace apron.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

Albert Bradley

CHARLES THE SECOND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Palace.*

Enter ROCHESTER and LADY CLARA, R. 415

Lady C. Yes, my lord, her majesty will have it, that you are the chief cause of the king's irregularities.

Roch. Oh, I'll warrant it : and of his not loving her, too—is it not so ?

Lady C. I did not say that ; but, in truth, my lord, your continual jests on the married state—

Roch. Heaven bless it !

Lady C. Your continual ridicule of married men—

Roch. Heaven help them !

Lady C. Your licentious example, and still more licentious poetry—

Roch. What's coming next ?

Lady C. All these, I say, make you the most dangerous of men.

Roch. Dangerous ! My dear Lady Clara, you make me vain.

Lady C. It is well known that you are the king's prime companion in all his excesses.

Roch. What, is my loyalty to be made my reproach ? Must I not stand by my monarch in all his moods ? Would you have me weep, when my sovereign laughs ? Would you have me whine, when my sovereign calls for a jolly song ! No, no, my lady, that might have done in the days of the Roundheads ; but times are altered. We have a merry monarch to reign over us—A merry monarch makes

a merry court—so God save the jovial king, and send him boon companions.

Lady C. [*Laughing.*] I see it is in vain to reason with you.

Roch. Then give over the attempt. Let us talk of something of a nearer and a dearer interest—of your merits and my most ardent flame.

Lady C. Ah, me! I fear, like many other of your flames, it will but end in smoke. You talk of being desperately in love: what proof have you ever given?

Roch. What proof? Am I not ready to give the greatest proof a man can offer—to lay down this sweet bachelor life, and commit matrimony for your sake?

Lady C. Well, this last, I must say, coming from a Rochester, is a most convincing proof. I have heard *you* out, listen now to *me*. [*Rochester bows.*] If, by your ascendancy over the king, you can disgust him with these nocturnal rambles, and bring him back to reason—

Roch. Your ladyship forgets one of my talents.

Lady C. Which is it?

Roch. That of getting myself banished two or three times a year.

Lady C. And if the woman you profess to love should offer to *partake* your exile?—

Roch. I am a lost man—I surrender. That last shot reached my heart.

Lady C. [*Sighing.*] Ah, my lord—if that heart were only worth your head! Well, is it agreed?

Roch. It is your will—I undertake the sacrifice—but, madam, bear in mind my recompense.

Lady C. You may hope for everything. Adieu, my lord, I now begin to believe in your passion, since you are willing to make a sacrifice to it, even of your follies.

[*Exit, R.*]

Roch. [*Alone.*] A pretty task I have undertaken, truly! I—Rochester—become reformer! And, then, the convert I have to work upon! Charles, who glories in all kinds of rambling frolics! True, he has had none but pleasant adventures as yet. If I should trick him into some ridiculous dilemma? My whole life has been a tissue of follies, and I am called a man of wit. I am now to attempt a rational act, and I shall be called a madman!

Well, be it so—matrimony will be sure to bring me to my senses.

Enter EDWARD, languidly, R. H. E.

Ah! here comes my young protégé—How downcast he seems! How now, Edward, what's the matter with you, boy?

Edw. [Sighing.] Nothing, my lord.

L. Roch. Good heaven, what a sigh to heave up nothing with! Tell me the truth this instant. Hast thou dared to fall in love?

Edw. I hope, my lord, there is no harm in indulging an honest attachment.

Roch. An honest attachment! A young half-fledged page about court, who has hardly tried his wings in the sunshine of beauty, to talk of an honest attachment. Why, thou silly boy, is this the fruit of all the lessons I have given thee?

Edw. Did not your lordship tell me, that one of the first duties of a page was to be zealous in his devotion to the fair?

Roch. Yes; but I told thee to skim over the surface of beauty, just dipping your wings, like a swallow, not plumping in like a goose—I told you to hover from flower to flower like a butterfly, not to bury yourself in one like a bee. An honest attachment! What a plebeian phrase! There's a wife and seven children in the very sound of it.

Edw. My lord, I know your talent for putting things in a whimsical light, but, could you see the object of my passion—

Roch. Nay, a truce with all description. But who, pray, is the object of this honest attachment?

Edw. [Embarrassed.] My lord!

Roch. One of the maids of honour, I'll be bound, who has privately been petting you with sweetmeats, and lending you love-tales.

Edw. No, my lord.

Roch. Pray, then, give me some clue. What is the name of your beauty?

Edw. Her name, my lord, is Mary.

Roch. Mary! a very pretty, posy-like name—And what sequestered spot may the gentle Mary embellish with her presence?

Edw. She lives at the Tav... Nay, my lord, promise not to laugh.

Roch. Come, the residence of this fair one?

Edw. Why, then, my lord, she inhabits the tavern of the Grand Admiral, in Wapping.

Roch. Usquebaugh and tobacco! the tavern of the Grand Admiral!—Ha! ha! ha!—An honest attachment to some pretty bar-maid!

Edw. No, my lord, no bar-maid, I assure you. Her uncle keeps the tavern.

Roch. [*With mock gravity.*] Oh, then, she is heiress apparent to the tap-room, and you no doubt look forward to rise in the state through the dignities of drawer, tapster, and head-waiter, until you succeed to the fair hand of the niece, and the copper nose of the uncle, and rule with spigot in hand over the fair realms of Wapping. You, who I flattered myself would have made the torment and delight of all the pretty women at court, *you* to be so completely gulled at the very outset,—the dupe of a green girl, and some old rogue of a publican!

Edw. Indeed, indeed, my lord, you do the uncle injustice. He is a perfectly honest, upright man—an old captain of a cruiser.

Roch. Worse and worse! Some old buccaneer, tired of playing the part of a monster at sea, has turned shark on shore. And do you dare to appear in such a house with the dress of a royal page?

Edw. Oh! I have taken care to avoid that. I have introduced myself into the house as a music-master.

Roch. And your musical name, gentle sir.

Edw. Georgini, at your service.

Roch. Ha! ha! ha! very soft and Italianish—I'll warrant this heroine bar-maid will turn out some unknown princess, carried off by the old buccaneer landlord, in one of his cruisings.

Edw. Your lordship is joking; but, really, at times, I think she is not what she seems.

Roch. Ha! ha! ha! I could have sworn it. But silence—I hear his majesty dismount. Run to where your duty calls—we'll take another opportunity to discuss the merits of this Wapping Princess.

Edw. [*Goes out muttering.*] There's many a true thing

said in jest. I am certain her birth is above her condition.

[Exit, L.

Roch. I must see this paragon of bar-maids—She must be devilish pretty! The case admits of no delay—I'll see her this very evening. Hold! Why not fulfil my promise to Lady Clara at the same time? [*Beef-eaters appear at door, c.*] It is decided:—I'll give his majesty my first lesson in morals this very night. But he comes.

Enter CHARLES, door in c.

Chas. Good day, my lord?—What, musing! I never see thee with that air of grave cogitation, but I am sure there is some mischief devising.

Roch. On the contrary, I am vehemently tempted to reform.

Chas. Reform! ha! ha! ha! why, man, no one will credit thy conversion! Is not thy name a by-word? Do not mothers frighten their daughters with it, as formerly with that of Beelzebub? Is not thy appearance in a neighborhood a signal for all the worthy burghers to bar their windows and put their womankind under lock and key? Art thou not, in melancholy truth, the most notorious scapegrace in the kingdom?

Roch. Heaven forefend, that in anything I should take precedence of your majesty.

Chas. But what proof do you give of your conversion?

Roch. The most solemn—I am going to be married!

Chas. Married! And who, pray, is the lady you have an idea of rendering miserable?

Roch. The Lady Clara!

Chas. The Lady Clara! The brilliant, the discreet, the virtuous Lady Clara! She marry Rochester! ha! ha! ha!

Roch. Ah, my liege, heaven has given her a superabundance of virtues—She will be able to make a very virtuous man of me with her superfluity.

Chas. Well, when thou art married, I will undertake to write thy epithalamium.

Roch. Then your majesty may at once invoke the Muses. All is settled. [*With great gravity.*] As soon as the rites are solemnized, I shall quit the court and its mundane pleasures, and retire with my lovely bride to my castle at

Rochester, under permission of my creditors, the faithful garrison of that fortress.

Chas. What! is your castle again in pledge?

Roch. No, my liege, not again. It has never, to my knowledge, been exactly out of keeping. A castle requires a custodian.

Chas. Ah, Rochester! Rochester! Thou art an extravagant dog. I see I shall be called on to pay these usurers at last.

Roch. Your majesty is ever bounteous. I should not have dared to solicit, and certainly shall not presume to decline.

Chas. Ha! ha! Thou art an arrant juggler. But, to business,—where shall we pass the night?

Roch. [*Assuming a serious air.*] I must beg your majesty to excuse me this evening—I have an engagement of a grave and important nature.

Chas. Grave and important! Thou liest, Rochester; and whither does this grave engagement take thee?

Roch. To the tavern of the Grand Admiral in Wapping!

Chas. I thought it was some such haunt. And the object of this business?

Roch. A young girl, beautiful as an angel, and virtuous as a dragon—about whom, there hangs a mystery that I must investigate.

Chas. A mysterious beauty! It is a case for royal scrutiny—I will investigate it myself.

Roch. But, my liege—

Chas. No buts. Provide disguises. We will go together. [*With mock gravity.*] I like to study human nature in all its varieties. There's something of philosophy in this,—one often gets a useful lesson in the course of a frolic.

Roch. [*Aside.*] It shall go hard but your majesty shall have one to-night. [*Aloud.*] Ah, how few, except myself, give your majesty credit for your philosophy! And yet, by many, I am considered the partaker of your majesty's excesses; and should any disagreeable adventure be the result—

Chas. Psha! I take the consequences on myself. Provide two seamen's dresses, a purse of gold well filled, and

arrange everything for nine precisely. Till then, farewell.

[*Exit, L. D.*]

Rock. I will attend your majesty. So! the plot is in train. This night, the lesson. To-morrow, my disgrace. Within eight days, my marriage, and then, at my leisure, to repent and reform.

[*Exit, L. D.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside of Copp's Tavern, the Grand Admiral.*
—*A view of the Thames and Wapping.*

Enter MARY from the House, L. in the flat.

L.H. Voices within. Wine! wine! house!—waiter!—more wine, ho! Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Mary. What a noise those sailors make in the bar-room—nothing but singing and laughing and shouting. I should like to take a peep at them—but no—my uncle forbids me to show myself in the public rooms: he scarcely lets me be seen by the guests—he brings me up more like a young lady than the niece of a tavern keeper—[*Walks about restless.*] Heigho! what a tiresome long day! what shall I do with myself? what can be the matter with me? I wonder what can keep Mr. Georgini away? For three days he has not been here to give me a lesson—no matter—[*Peevishly.*] I don't care—I shall forget all my singing, that's certain: he was just teaching me such a pretty song, too—all about love. I'll try it—[*Attempts to sing.*]—no, I can't—it's all out of my head—well, so much the better! I suppose he is teaching it to some fine lady scholar—let him, I don't care—I don't believe he'll find her so apt a scholar.

SONG.

Oh! not when other eyes may read
My heart upon my cheek,
Oh! not when other ears can hear,
Dare I of love to speak—
But when the stars rise from the sea,
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love!
Oh, then I think of thee!

When o'er the olives of the dell
The silent moonlight falls,
And when upon the rose, the dew

Hangs scented coronals,
And buds close on the chesnut tree,
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love !
Oh, then I think of thee !

Enter COPP from the house-door in flat. *LH*

Copp. What, Mary, my little blossom, what cheer ?
what cheer ? Keep close, my little heart—why do you
stir out of port ? Here be cruisers abroad.

Mary. Who are those people, uncle, that make such a
noise ?

Copp. Two hearty blades—mad roysterers—oons, how
they drink ! I was obliged to part company, old cruiser
as I am, or they would soon have had me on my beam
ends.

Mary. Are they sailors, uncle ?

Copp. To be sure they are : who else would fling about
money as they do, and treat a whole bar-room ? The tal-
lest, in particular, is a very devil. Hollo, Captain Copp,
cries he every minute, another bottle to treat my brother
tars.

Mary. By their swaggering about so, they must be very
rich.

Copp. Pho, child, 'tisn't the deepest laden ships that
make the most rolling.

Mary. But they spend their money so freely.

Copp. A sure sign that it's running out. The longest
cable must come to an end. He that pays out fastest, will
soonest be brought up with a round turn.

Mary. To what ship do they belong ?

Copp. That's more than I can say. Suppose they're a
couple of man of war's men just paid off, who think they've
a Spanish mine in each pocket—[*Shout of laughter from L.
in flat door within.*] Ah, the jolly tars ! I was just the
same at their age.

Mary. I should like to have a look at them. [*Going up.*]

Copp. Avast, there—what, trust thee in the way of two
such rovers ? No, no, I recollect too well what it was to
get on shore after a long voyage. The first glimpse of a
petticoat—whew ! up boarding pikes and grappling irons !
—[*Recollecting himself.*] Ahem—no, no, child, musn't ven-
ture in these latitudes.

Mary. Ah, my good uncle, you are always so careful of me.

Copp. And why not? What else have I in the whole world to care for, or to care for me? Thou art all that's left to me out of the family fleet—a poor, slight little pin-nace. I've seen the rest, one after another, go down; it shall go hard but I'll convoy thee safe into port.

Mary. I fear I give you a great deal of trouble, my dear uncle.

Copp. Thou'rt the very best lass in the whole kingdom, and I love thee as I loved thy father, my poor brother Philip; that's because you're his very image. To be sure, you haven't his jolly nose, and your little mouth is but a fool to his. But then, there are his eyes, and his smile, and the good humoured cut of his face—[*Sighing.*]—poor Philip! What!—[*Wiping his eyes.*] Psha! let's change the subject, because, d'ye see, sensibility and all that gam-mon, it does me no good—none—so let's talk of something else. What makes thee so silent of late, my girl? I've not heard a song from thee these three days!

Mary. It's three days since I've seen my music-master.

Copp. Well, and can't you sing without him?

Mary. Without him I can't sing well.

Copp. And what's become of him?

Mary. [*Pettishly.*] I can't tell, it's very tiresome. If he did not mean to come again, he might have said so.

Copp. Oddsfish, neglect thee—neglect his duty! I'll break him on the spot. Thou shalt have another master, my girl.

Mary. [*Eagerly.*] Oh, no, on no account; I dare say he is not well, some accident has happened. Besides, there is no other teacher in town equal to him, he sings with such feeling.

Copp. Ah! girl, if I had my old messmate, Jack Rattlin, here, he'd teach thee to sing. He had a voice—faith, it would make all the bottles dance, and glasses jingle on the table! Talk of feeling! Why, when Jack would sit of an evening on the capstan when on watch, and sing about sweethearts and wives, and jolly tars, and true lovers' knots, and the roaring seas, and all that; smite my timbers, but it was enough to melt the heart of a grampus. Poor Jack, he taught me the only song I ever knew, it's a main good one, though—

[Sings a Stave.]

In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump,
With his broom swept the chops of the Channel :
And his crew of Bigbreeches,
Those Dutch sons of ——

Mary. [Putting her hand on his mouth.] Oh, uncle, uncle, don't sing that horrible rough song.

Copp. Rough? that's the beauty of it. It rouses one up, pipes all hands to quarters like a boatswain's call. Go in, Mary, but go in at the other door: don't go near the bar: go up to your own room, my dear, and your music-master will come to you presently, never fear.

[Exit Mary, L. S.]

Voice within. [At door in flat, R. E. L.] Hollo—house! waiter! Captain Copp! another bottle, my hearty fellow.

Copp. There they go again! I can't stand it any longer. I am an old cruiser, and can't hear an engagement without longing to be in the midst of it. Avast, though, [Stopping short,] these lads are spending too much money. Have a care, friend Copp, don't sink the sailor in the publican; don't let a free-hearted tar ruin himself in thy house—no, no, faith. If they want more wine, they shall have it; but they shall drink as messmates, not as guests. So have at you, boys; it's my turn to treat now.—

“In the time of the Rump”——

[Exit into the house, door in flat.]

SCENE III.—A Room in Copp's House.—Stairs, L. S. E.—
Two large windows in flat, with shutters closed.

Enter MARY, M. D. R. H. U. E.

Mary. How provoking this absence of Mr. Georgini! It would be serving him right to let my uncle discharge him: but then I should like just to learn that song he is teaching me—hark!—How my heart beats! Hark! I'll wager it's Georgini—I have a gift of knowing people before I see them—my heart whispers me—

Enter EDWARD, as GEORGINI, L. D.

So, sir, you are come at last, are you? I had supposed

you did not intend to come any more, and was about to look out for another teacher.

Edw. Pardon me for my absence—you have no idea what I have suffered.

Mary. [*With anxiety.*] Suffered!—Have you been ill, then?

Edw. Very ill—

Mary. Indeed! and what was your complaint?

Edw. [*Smiling.*] The not seeing you.

Mary. [*Half piqued, half pleased.*] Mighty fine, sir; it is a complaint that you might have cured in a moment.—I have been angry, sir—very angry at your neglect—don't smile, sir—I won't be laughed at—

Edw. Laugh at you!—Can you suspect me of such a thing?—I do but smile from the pleasure of seeing you again—nothing but circumstances that I could not control, caused my absence.

Mary. [*Softening.*] Well, it's very provoking to be interrupted in one's lessons, just in the middle of a new song—I'll warrant you've been teaching it all over town.

Edw. Indeed, I teach it to no one but yourself—for no one else can do it such justice.

Mary. [*Smiling.*] Nay, now you are flattering—have you brought it with you?

Edw. Here it is—if you please, we will sing it at once.

Mary. Yes—but—but—don't look so steadily at me while I sing—it puts me out; and then—and then—I don't know what I'm singing.

Edw. What!—have you fear of me, then?

Mary. Oh! yes; I fear that I may not please you.

Edw. [*Apart.*] Amiable innocence! for the world would I not betray thee.

DUETTO.

Mary. Love one day essayed to gain
Entrance into Beauty's bower,
Many a toil, and many a chain,
Guarded round the precious flower.

Edw. But Love laid aside his bow,
Veiled his wing, hid his dart,
Entered more than Beauty's bower,
Entered also Beauty's heart.

Mary. Hence was the sweet lesson learnt,
Fond hearts never should despair,
Kept with truth, and led by hope,
What is there Love may not dare ?

Enter COPP, a little gay, L. D.

Copp. Aha ! master, crotchets and quavers ! so you've come at last, have you ? What the deuce did you stay away for, and let my little girl get out of tune ?

Edw. Oh ! I have explained all, sir, and made my peace.

Copp. [*Crosses, c.*] Ah, she's a forgiving little baggage, and amazing fond of music—why, she's always on the lookout for you an hour before the time.

Mary. Never mind, uncle. Are your strange companions here still ?

Copp. Here still ? ay, and likely to stay here—ha ! ha ! ha !—no getting rid of them ; they're a couple of devils, of right down merry devils, ha ! ha ! ha ! They've flustered me a little, i'faith.

Edw. You seem to have a great deal of company in the house, sir ; I'll take my leave.

Copp. You shall take no such thing—you shall take tea with us, my little semibreve, and we'll have a lesson of music, too. Oddsfish ! you shall give me a lesson—I am confoundedly out of practice, and can't turn my old song for the life of me. [*Begins.*] “In the time of the Rump”—

Mary. Never mind the song now, uncle, we must have tea first, and Mr. Georgini will help me make it.

Copp. Ay, faith, and we'll add a bowl of punch and a flask of old Madeira to make a set out—my two mess-mates in the other room are to be of the party.

Mary. What, those wild sailors who have been keeping the house in an uproar ?

Copp. To be sure—they're good lads, though they have a little of the devil in them. They asked to clink the cup with me, and you know I can't well refuse, by trade, to clink the cup with any one. In troth, they had put me in such rare good humour—ha ! ha ! ha !—that I could not refuse them for the life of me.

Mary. But they are such a couple of harebrains—

Copp. Oh ! don't be afraid—they are rough, but good-natured—sailor-like : besides, am not I always within hail ?

One of them, I see, is heaving in sight already. Come with me, my girl, and help to prepare the punch and get the tea—you, my king of crotchets, will stay and receive our guests—make yourself at home.—[*Sings as he goes,*] “In the time of the Rump”—[*Exit with Mary, R. up stairs.*]

Edw. Here's a transformation! from a court page behold me master of ceremonies at a Wapping tavern! [*Starts.*] Good heaven! whom have we here? The Earl of Rochester in that rude garb!

Enter ROCHESTER, laughing.

Roch. Ha! ha! ha! The shouts of those jolly fellows began to turn my brain—his majesty is in fine humour to get into a scrape; and if he does, to make his difficulties more perplexing, I have secured his purse, so that he cannot bribe his way out of them—Hey! Edward?

Edw. [*Confused.*] My lord Rochester—

Roch. Silence; you rogue! I am no lord here, no Rochester. I am a seaman—my name Tom Taffrel. The king, my messmate, is Jack Mizen.

Edw. The king with you!—[*Aside.*] I see it all—he's after Mary—ah! I am lost.

Roch. Don't be alarmed, friend Georgini; none but the most innocent motives have brought us here.

Edw. Innocent motives bring you and the king at night to a tavern in Wapping, where there is a beautiful girl? Ah! my lord, my lord—

Roch. Nay, to convince you that you have nothing to fear, I permit you to remain with us—[*Aside.*] He may assist my scheme—[*Aloud.*] You must play off your character of music-master upon the king.

Edw. Impossible! His majesty will recognise my features.

Roch. Psha! you have not been a page a month; he probably has not seen your face three times. But take care how you act; the least indiscretion on your part—

Edw. Ah! my lord, I am too much interested in keeping the secret.

Roch. That is not all. In whatever situation the king may find himself, whatever chagrin he may suffer, I forbid you to assist him in the slightest manner. You are to see in him only the sailor, Jack Mizen.

Edw. Should his majesty chance to incur any danger, my lord, I can never be passive. In such case, I have but one course.

Roch. There *can* be no danger—I shall myself watch over his safety.

Edw. That decides me—I think I apprehend the object, and will obey your lordship.

Chas. [*Without.*] Yo, ho! Messmate!

Roch. The king approaches—Silence! let each resume his part.

Enter CHARLES, L.

Chas. Yo, ho! Well, messmate, shall we soon see this marvellous beauty?

Edw. [*Apart.*] So—this is his majesty's innocent motive!

Roch. Peace, friend Jack, here's one of her admirers—her music-master—

Chas. Ah! you teach the young lady music, do you? [*Looking earnestly at him.*] Zounds! how like he is to the page you gave me lately!

Edw. [*Apart.*] Ah! my face strikes him.

Roch. Hum—I can't say I see much resemblance. He is taller than Edward, and older, and the expression of his countenance is not the same.

Chas. No, no, not altogether, but there is a something—

Roch. Why, to tell the truth, the page had a wild fellow for a father—and, your majesty knows, likenesses are stamped at random about the world sometimes.

Chas. [*Laughing.*] I understand—duplicate impressions—like enough.

Staircase, R. S. E.—Enter MARY and SERVANT with Tea.—They put the tea-things in order.—Tea-kettle boiling.—Exit Servant.

Mary. [*To Servant.*] Set the table in this room.

Chas. [*To Rochester.*] By heaven, she's a divinity!

Edw. [*Low to Rochester.*] What does he say?

Roch. [*To Edw.*] That your divinity is a devilish fine girl.

Chas. [*To Rochester.*] Amuse this confounded singing-master. I wish to have a duo with his mistress. He'll only mar music.

Roch. [*To Edward, with an air of great business.*] My good Mr. Georgini, I have something particular to say to you—[*Drawing him to a corner.*] His majesty [*suppressing a laugh,*] fancies that you are uncomfortable, and requests me to amuse you.

Edw. Yes, that he may have Mary all to himself—

[*Drawing near her.*]

Roch. [*Drawing him back.*] Come, don't be childish. What, you pretend to follow my lessons, and want complaisance! [*Charles has been making advances to Mary, who appears at first a little shy.*]

Chas. Do let me assist you, my pretty lass.

Mary. Don't trouble yourself, sir; Mr. Georgini is to help me make tea.

Edw. [*Breaking from Rochester.—Crosses to Mary.*] I am here, madam—what can I do to help you?

Chas. [*Puts the kettle, as if accidentally, against his hand—dryly.*] Take care, young man, you may scald your fingers.

Roch. [*Drawing Edward back, and speaking low.*] Why, what a plague, boy, are you doing?

[*Charles continues to assist Mary, mingling little galantries, and blundering in attempts to assist.*]

Edw. [*Aside, and struggling with Rochester.*] I shall go mad!

Mary. Oh, dear sir, you're so kind, you quite pat me out—[*Laughing.*]—hey!—you have taken my hand instead of the teapot. I will not say you are awkward, sir, but really, you have the oddest manner of assisting—nay—let go my hand, I beg.

Chas. By Heaven, it is a beautiful one!

Mary. Nay, nay—pray, sir. [*Withdrawing her hand with smiling confusion.—Apart.*] Upon my word, I don't see any thing so very rude in these people.

Edw. [*Endeavoring to get away from Rochester.*] Let me go, I entreat you; I can stand this no longer.

Roch. [*Holding him, and suppressing a laugh.*] Psha! man, if you think to marry, or rise in the world, you must learn to be deaf and blind upon occasion.

Chas. [*In rather an under-tone to Mary.*] And how is it possible so pretty a lass should not be married?

Mary. Married—bless me! I never thought of such a thing.

Chas. No! never? and yet surrounded by lovers?

Mary. Lovers! I haven't one, sir.

Chas. Indeed! and what is that young man, fidgetting yonder?

Mary. He?—he is my singing-master, sir.

Chas. And he sings to some purpose, I'll warrant.

Mary. Delightfully.

Chas. And gives you a love-song now and then?

Mary. Oh, often, often!

Chas. I thought so—he has it in his countenance.

Edw. [To Rochester.] You must let me go—you see I am wanted.

Roch. Upon my word, they are getting on amazingly well without you.

Chas. [To Mary.] And so you are fond of music, my pretty lass?

Mary. Oh, I love it of all things!

Chas. A pretty hand to beat time with.

[Taking her hand.]

Mary. [Withdrawing it.] Sir—

Chas. And as pretty a little mouth to warble a love-song. I warrant, there come none but sweet notes from these lips.

[Offers to kiss her.]

Mary. [Resisting.] Sir, give over—let me go, sir. Mr. Georgini—help, help!

[Edward bursts from Rochester, who is laughing. At this moment,

Enter COPP from Stairs, R. S. E., with punch.

Copp. Avast there, messmate! what the devil, yard-arm and yard-arm with my niece?

[Charles desists, a little confused—Edward approaches Mary.]

Mary. [Flurried.] I am glad you are come, uncle—this rude stranger—

Copp. [Taking her arm, he puts her over to R.] Thunder and lightning—what! insult Captain Copp's niece in his own house! Fire and furies!

Chas. [Pretending to be a little gay.] I insult your niece,

messmate? Since when has an honest tar's kissing a pretty girl been considered an insult? As to the young woman, if she takes offence at a piece of sailor civility, why, I ask pardon, that's all.

Copp. [*Softened.*] Oh, as to a piece of civility, d'ye see, that alters the case; but, guns and blunderbusses! if any one should dare—

Roch. [*Crosses to Copp.*] Come, come, uncle Copp, what a plague! you were a youngster once, and a frolicsome one, I'll warrant. I see it in your eye—what—didst ever think it a crime to kiss a pretty girl in a civil way?

Copp. No, no, in a civil way, no, certainly; I can make allowance when a lad, and a lass, and a bottle, come pretty near each other—oddsfish—you say right, at your age, I was a rattler myself. Come, Mary, [*Crosses, r.*] no harm done. [*Mary goes up to table.*] Come, lads, take your seats—[*They seat themselves. Edward attempts to place himself by Mary. Charles interferes, and takes the place; he then tries to sit on the chair on her left hand, which Rochester perceiving, prevents, by sitting there himself—Edward sits in the chair on the left, next Rochester.*] Come, my girl, pour out the tea—I'll fill out the punch, and we'll have a time of it, i'faith—Come, I'll give you a jolly song to begin with—
[*Sings.*

“In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump”—

Mary. [*Apart.*] That odious song!—come, uncle, never mind the song, take a cup of tea—
[*Offering one.*

Copp. What, drown my song and myself in warm water? ha! ha! no, faith—not while there's a drop in the punch bowl. [*Mary helps Edward and Rochester, omitting Charles.*

Chas. [*Low to Mary.*] Am I then excluded?

Mary. [*Looking down.*] I thought punch would be more to your liking, sir.

Chas. Then punch be it—Come, clink with me, neighbour Copp—clink with me, my boy.

Copp. Oh! I'm not proud, I'll clink with anybody—that's to say, mind ye, when the liquor is good, and there's a good fellow in the case.

Chas. [*Rising.*] Well, here goes—To the health of Mary, the fair maid of Wapping.

Copp. With all my heart, here's to her health—the darling child—Oh! messmate, there you touch a soft corner of my heart—did you but know how I love this little girl. Psha! I'm a foolish old fellow, and when I have got punch, and sensibility, and all that on board—Come, let's talk of something else.

Mary. My dear uncle!

Chas. I don't wonder at your loving her, I can't help feeling a kind of admiration for her myself—

[Offering to take her hand.]

Copp. Softly, shipmate, no grappling—admire at a distance as much as you please, but hands off. Come, my lads, a merry song—I love to sing when I drink. [Sings.]

In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump—

Mary. Not that song, my dear uncle, I entreat—

Copp. Ah, I recollect—ha! ha! my poor song; ha! ha!—well, well, since you don't like me to sing, sing it for me yourself, Mary. [Significantly.] I dare say your master has some pretty love-song for you.

Edw. Oh, yes—I have brought one of the latest in vogue—one by the most fashionable poet of the day—the Earl of Rochester.

Copp. Rochester? fire and fury—roast Rochester! a rascally rogue! Rochester, the devil take Rochester, and his song, too!

Chas. Bravo! Captain Copp—another broadside, old boy.

Roch. Why, what the deuce, neighbor—has your powder magazine taken fire? Why, what has Rochester done to you to occasion such a terrible explosion?

Copp. What's that to you? What have you to do with my family secrets? Rochester! His very name makes my blood boil—

Mary. My dear uncle, be calm. You promised never to speak on this subject.

Roch. Why, what connexion can there be between you and Rochester?

Copp. No matter, he has been put to the proof, that's enough. [To Mary.] Don't be uneasy—I'll say no more about it, my girl. You know me—when I say mum, that's enough.

Chas. [*Rising.*] This affair seems serious—I must have an explanation. [*With an air of authority.*] It is my pleasure—
[*Coming forward, R.*

Copp. [*Rising and coming forward.*] Your pleasure, quotha—and who the devil are you? You are a pleasant blade. [*Sturdily.*] But it's not my pleasure, look ye.

Chas. [*Recollecting himself.*] I mean to say, that I feel a deep interest in your welfare.

Copp. [*Gruffly.*] Thank ye, thank'e,—but I am not used to such warm friends on such short acquaintance. [*Apart.*] I wonder is it myself, or my niece, this chap has fallen in love with at first sight!

Chas. (c.) [*Apart to Rochester.*] I am curious to know what charge they have against you.

Roch. (L. c.) [*Apart to Charles.*] And so am I, and I'll make this old buccaneer speak plain, before we leave him.

Chas. You have misunderstood me, friend Copp, I am no defender of Rochester. I know him to be a sad fellow.

Copp. (R. c.) As destitute of feeling as a stock-fish.

Edw. (L.) He is a great genius, however.

Copp. He is an evil genius, I know.

Edw. He has a very clear head—

Copp. But a very black heart.

Roch. This Rochester is a sad light-headed fellow, that's notorious; but will you have the goodness, my blunt Captain Copp, to mention one heartless act of his?

Copp. [*Loudly.*] Ay, that I will. Is it not a burning shame—

Mary. (R.) My dear uncle, you forget your promise.

Copp. Let me alone, girl, let me alone—you've nothing to fear; I have you under convoy.

Roch. Out with it, what is his crime?

Copp. Crime! Is it not a burning shame, I say, to disclaim his own niece—to keep from her every stiver of her little fortune, and leave her to pass her days in a tavern, when she has a right to inhabit a palace?

Edw. [*Eagerly.*] What do I hear?

Roch. What, and is this young woman the niece?—How can that be?

Copp. Simply enough. Her father, Philip Copland, married a sister of Lord Rochester.

Roch. [*Apart.*] Philip Copland is indeed the name.

Chas. This is most singular. And this Philip Copland was your brother ?

Copp. Ay, but worth a dozen of me—a steady man, an able officer, an ornament of the regular navy. I was always a wild dog, and never took to learning—ran away from school—shipped myself on board a privateer. In time, I became a captain, and returned from my last cruise just in time to receive poor Philip's last breath—his sand was almost run out. 'Brother,' said he, 'I feel that my cruising is over ; but there's my little girl. Take care of her for my sake, and never bother the Rochesters again.'—'Brother,' said I, 'it's a bargain ; tip us your fist on it, and die in peace, like a good Christian.' He grasped my hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. I would have shook his, but it grew cold in mine, and poor Philip was no more !

[*With great feeling.*]

Mary. My dear uncle—

[*Laying her hand on his shoulder.*]

Copp. [*Rousing himself.*] But the girl was left, the girl was left ; [*Embracing her*] and—[*Taking her arm under his,*—and I'll keep my word to my poor brother, and take care of *her* as long as I have breath in my body.

Chas. Well, brother Tom, what do you think of all this ?

Roch. It touches me to the soul.

Chas. And so you took home the child ?

Mary. Oh ! yes : and my uncle's bounty and kindness have taken care of his poor girl ever since.

Copp. Oh ! you should have seen what a little thing it was,—a little chubby-faced thing of four years old, no higher than that table. Now she's a grown girl.

Chas. And you have given her a good education, it appears ?

Copp. And why not ? What tho' *I'm* a dunce, that's no reason that Mary Copland should be a fool. Her father was a man of parts.

Chas. And you have given up your voyages for her ?

Copp. To be sure. Could I have a child running after me about deck ? I sold my ship, and bought this tavern, where I receive none but good fellows, who drink, and smoke, and talk to me of voyages and battles all day long.

Chas. But ambition might have induced you—

Copp. Ambition ! you don't know me ; my only ambi-

tion is to marry my niece to some honest citizen, and give her a dower of one thousand pounds, with as much more, when old Captain Copp takes his long nap.

Roch. [*Apart.*] Generous fellow! [*Aloud.*] Let me advise you to apply to the Earl of Rochester.

Edw. Oh! yes, *he* will provide an honourable match for your niece.

Mary. [*Piqued.*] Much obliged, Mr. Georgini, but nobody asked your advice.

Copp. Apply to him!—no—no—I'll have nothing to do with the Rochesters.

Chas. But why not apply to the king himself?

Copp. Oddsfish! they say he is not much better—he's a wild devil, a great friend of Rochester—and birds of a feather, you know—

Chas. [*Apart.*] Now comes my turn.

Roch. True enough, Captain Copp; they say he is a rover—rambles about at night—frolics in taverns.

Copp. Well, let him cruise, so he does not cruise into my waters. He's a desperate rogue among the petticoats, they say—well, I like a merry heart, wherever it beats. Charley has some good points: oh, dam'me, I like Charley; and if I could but give him a piece of my mind—

Chas. What would it be, friend Copp?

Copp. To keep more in port, anchor himself at home, and turn that fellow, Rochester, adrift—there might then be some hopes of him. But, come, 'tis getting late—now, friends, it's time to turn out, and turn in—these are late hours for the Grand Admiral—come, a parting cup. [*To Mary.*] See that the fires are out, my girl, and all hands ready for bed.

Mary. I will, but no more drinking, uncle. [*Going, L.*]

Copp. Well, well—no more—only one parting cup.

Mary. Only one—recollect, you have promised—no more. [*Exit, L. D.*]

Copp. Only this last drop. Come, my lads, this farewell cup, and then you must push your boats.

Roch. Now to execute my plan. [*Making signs that the King will pay.*] Hist, Captain Copp!

[*Whispers while Charles is drinking.*]

Copp. Ay, ay, all right. [*Goes up to R. of table and sits.*]

Roch. [*Low to Edward.*] Follow me quietly—I've some-

thing to say to you. [*Apart, and chuckling as he goes out.*] Now, brother Jack, I think you'll soon find yourself among the breakers! [*Exit, followed by Edward, L. D.*]

Copp. Now, messmate, let's square accounts—[*Handing a paper,*] here's a note of your expenses—you see I charge nothing for the last two bottles—nor for the tea-table—that's my treat.

Chas. [*Looking over the paper.*] Um! wine—punch—wine—punch—total, five pounds ten—a mere trifle!

[*Rises.*]

Copp. [*Coming down.*] Do you call that a trifle?—Gad, messmate, you must have made good prizes in your last cruise—or you've high wages, mayhap.

Chas. [*Laughing.*] Ay, ay, I'm pretty well paid—Here, Tom Taffrel, pay Copp's bill, and let's be off. [*Looking round.*] Hey—where is he?

Copp. Oh! he went off in a great hurry—he said he had to be aboard ship, but that you would pay the bill.

[*Goes up to table again.*]

Chas. With all my heart. [*Apart.*] It's odd that he should leave me alone—my raillery has galled him. Poor Rochester, [*Laughing.*] how ill some people take a joke! [*Feeling in his pockets.*] Five pounds ten, you say?

Copp. Just so—five pounds ten.

Chas. [*Searching in all his pockets.*] Well! this is the oddest thing—I am certain I had my purse.

Copp. [*Apart.*] My neighbour seems rather in a quandary.

Chas. [*Feeling more eagerly.*] Some one has picked my pocket.

Copp. Avast there, friend—none but honest people frequent the Grand Admiral.

Chas. All I know, is, that one of these honest people must have taken my purse.

Copp. Come, come, messmate—I am too old a cruiser to be taken in by so shallow a manœuvre—I understand all this—your companion makes sail—you pretend to have been robbed—it's all a cursed privateering trick—clear as day.

Chas. Friend Copp—if you will wait till to-morrow, I'll pay you double the sum.

Copp. Double the sum!—thunder and lightning! what

do you take me for?—Look ye, neighbour, to an honest tar in distress, my house and purse are open—to a jolly tar who wants a caper, and has no coin at hand, drink to-day and pay to-morrow is the word—but to a sharking land lubber, that hoists the colours of a gallant cruiser, to play off the tricks of a pirate, old Copp will show him his match any day.

Chas. A land lubber?

Copp. Ay, a land lubber. D'ye think I can't see through you and your shallow sailor phrases? Who the devil are you?—none of the captains know you—what ship do you belong to?

Chas. What ship? why, to—to—[*Apart.*] what the deuce shall I say?

Copp. A pretty sailor, truly—not know the name of his ship—a downright swindler—a barefaced, impudent swindler—comes into my house, kicks up a bobbery, puts every thing in an uproar—treats all the guests—touzles my niece—and then wants to make off without paying.

Chas. [*Apart.*] How shall I get out of this cursed scrape?—Oh, happy thought, my watch—[*Aloud.*] hearkee, Captain Copp—if I haven't money, may be this will do as well—what say you to my watch as pledge?

Copp. [*Taking the watch.*] Let me see it—um—large diamonds. [*Shaking his head.*]

Chas. [*Gayly.*] Well—that's worth your five pounds ten—hey?

Copp. Um—I don't know that:—if the diamonds are false, it is not worth so much—if real, none but a great lord could own it—[*Turning quick to him,*]—how did you come by this watch?

Chas. It's my own.

Copp. Your own! A common sailor own a watch set with large diamonds! I'll tell you what, messmate, it's my opinion as how you stole this watch.

Chas. Stole it?—Give back my watch, fellow, or I'll—

Copp. Softly, my lad, keep cool, or I'll have you laid by the heels in a twinkling. [*Crosses, L.*]

Chas. [*Apart.*] What a bull-dog! Well, sir, what do you intend to do?

Copp. Lock you up here for the present, and have you lodged in limbo immediately.

Chas. Will you not listen to reason ?

Copp. [*Going.*] Yes, through the key-hole ! [*From the door.*] You shall have news of me presently, my fine fellow.

[*Exit, L.*

Chas. Was ever monarch in such a predicament ?—a prisoner in a tavern. What is to be done ?—This Copp seems a man of probity ; suppose I avow myself to him ? Um ! will he credit me, and will he keep the matter secret ? This sturdy veteran may be an old cruiser under the Commonwealth : if so, what have I not to apprehend ? Alone, unarmed, at midnight. [*Shaking his head.*] Charles ! Charles ! wilt thou never learn wisdom ? [*A noise of unlocking the door, L.*] Hark ! some one comes.

Enter EDWARD and MARY, L. D. armed.

Mary. Place yourselves outside and guard the passages.

Chas. They are placing sentinels.

Edw. [*Apart.*] The earl has given me my lesson : no flinching.

Mary. I am afraid to go near him. I wish my uncle had not set us this task. [*Mary is armed with an old cutlass, Edward with a long rusty pistol or carbine.*

Edw. Be not afraid, I am here to defend you.

Chas. [*Advancing.*] What ! my pretty Mary in arms ?

Mary. Ah, don't come near me ! What a ferocious ruffian it is !

Chas. [*Gallantly.*] Was that delicate hand made to grasp so rude a weapon ?

Edw. [*Low to Mary.*] Don't let him touch your hand, or you are lost.

Mary. [*Drawing back.*] He does not look so very ferocious, neither. Fie, sir, fie ! what, steal the jewels of the crown ?

Chas. Is it, then, known already ?

Mary. Yes, indeed, all is known. My uncle took the watch to our neighbour, the jeweller, who knew it instantly. It belongs to his royal majesty himself.

Chas. Confusion !

Edw. [*Low to Mary.*] You hear he confesses,—[*Aloud.*] Well, Captain Copp will be here presently with the magistrate. Here will be a fine piece of work. All Wapping is in an uproar.

Chas. [*Eagerly.*] My friends, it is of the highest importance that I should escape before they come.

Mary. I have not a doubt of it. Oh! you culprit!

Chas. [*With insinuation.*] And would Mary, the pretty Mary, see me dragged to prison? I won't believe it. That sweet face bespeaks a gentle heart.

Mary. Poor creature! I can't but pity him.

Chas. [*With gallantry.*] I never saw a pretty woman yet, that would not help a poor fellow in distress. [*Apart.*] She yields. But I need other bribes for my gentleman. I have it—my ring. [*Aloud.*] Assist me to escape, and take this ring as a pledge of what I will do. It is of great value.

Mary. What a beautiful diamond ring! How it sparkles! Don't touch it, Georgini, it's a stolen ring.

Edw. And for that very reason, I take it. We can return both together to the right owner.

Mary. [*Apart to Edward.*] He certainly has something genteel in his air. This unfortunate man may, perhaps, belong to decent people.

Chas. I do indeed; my family is considered very respectable. Ah, bless that sweet face! I knew a hard heart could not belong to it. [*Examines the room.*]

Edw. [*Apart.*] Egad, I must get him off, or he'll win his pretty jailor, culprit as she thinks him.

Mary. [*Taking Edward apart.*] What will they do with him?

Edw. [*Carelessly.*] Hum—why, they'll hang him, of course?

Mary. I would not have his death upon my mind for the whole world. [*Earnestly.*]

Chas. [*Who has been traversing the apartment uneasily, and eyeing them occasionally.*] Will this consultation never end! I dread the arrival of the officers.

Mary. [*Aloud.*] Let us assist him to escape!

Chas. Thanks, my generous girl: there's nothing like a petticoat in time of trouble.

Edw. How shall we get him off? the door is guarded.

Chas. Ay, but the window.

Edw. [*Eagerly.*] No, not the window, you may hurt yourself.

Chas. [*Surprised.*] You are very considerate, my friend.

Mary. Oh! it is not very high, and opens into a lane that leads to the river.

Chas. [*Opening the window.*] Psha! it's nothing; with your assistance, I shall be on the ground in an instant.

Mary. It is, perhaps, very wrong in me to let you escape; but I beg you to listen to a word of advice.

Chas. Oh, yes, I hear you.

Mary. It is on condition that you change your course of life.

Chas. Yes, yes, I'll change it, I warrant you.

Mary. And not drink, nor rove about this way at night.

Chas. Not for the world.

Mary. And steal no more, for it will bring you to a shameful end.

Chas. [*Getting out of the window, assisted by Mary.*] An excellent sermon! But I must *steal*—one kiss to impress it on my memory!

Edw. Did he steal a kiss, Mary?

Mary. Oh, yes, he did indeed.

Edw. Stop thief! stop thief!

Chas. [*Descending outside.*] Tell uncle Copp to put it in the bill.

Edw. I hear them coming. [*Looking out of the window.*] He's safe down—he's off—[*Apart.*] Now I'm easy.

Mary. But what shall we say to my uncle?

Edw. I'll manage that; only say as I say, and fear nothing. Stop thief! stop thief! [*To Mary.*] Cry out as I do.

Mary. [*Feebly.*] Stop the thief! stop the thief! I can't.

Enter COPP, with a double-barrelled gun, followed by two Servants, L. D.

Copp. Hollo—what the devil's to pay here?

Edw. The culprit has jumped out of the window.

Mary. Oh, yes, out of the window!

Copp. Thunder and lightning! why didn't you stop him?

Edw. I was too far off. The young lady attempted, but he kissed her, and leaped out like a greyhound

Copp. Fire and furies! kissed her?

Mary. Yes, uncle, but he didn't hurt me.

Edw. And he said you might put it in the bill.

Copp. Guns and blunderbusses! this is running up an account with a vengeance. [*Looking out of the window.*] I see something in the offing; we may overhaul him yet. Come along, all hands to the chase! Get to your room, Mary, there's no knowing what might happen, if this pirate should fall foul of you again. Come along—away with you all—divide at the street door—scour the three passages—I'll show him what it is to come in the way of an old cruiser! [*Bustle—Copp fires off his gun out of the window, after Charles.—Exeunt Mary, R. The rest, L.—Curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Palace.*

Enter EDWARD, R., in his habit, as a Page.

Edw. I've had a hard scramble of it to get here and dress in time. The king must arrive presently, though my light heels have given me a good start of him. Ha! ha! ha! I cannot help laughing, [*Sits,*] though I do it with fear and trembling, to think of the confounded prank that mad wag, Rochester, has played off upon majesty. [*Noise without.*] Hark! a noise in the king's private staircase. Softly, then, softly! [*Seats himself in an arm-chair at the door of the King's chamber, and pretends to sleep.*]

Enter CHARLES from flat, his dress in disorder.

Chas. Confound the city! what a journey it is!

Edw. [*Aside.*] Especially to foot passengers.

Chas. I began to think I should never find the palace. [*Sitting down.*] Phew! I shall not forget this night in a hurry. Forced to escape like a thief—to risk my neck from a window—hunted about the streets by that old buccaneer and his crew! Egad! I fancy I can hear old

Copp's voice, even now, like a huntsman giving the view-halloo, as I doubled about the mazes of Wapping.

Edw. [*Aside, and suppressing a laugh.*] A royal hunt, truly!

Chas. Well, thank fortune, I am safe home at last, and seen by nobody but my confidential valet.

Edw. [*Aside.*] And the most discreet of pages.

Chas. [*Seeing Edward.*] So, the page already in waiting. The more I look at him, the more he reminds me of that knowing young blade who gives the pretty Mary lessons in love and music. Deuce take him! he is exactly in the door-way of my chamber. So, so! Lady Clara coming! Oh, then, all's over! [*Retires up a little.*]

Enter LADY CLARA, R., and goes to Edward, L.

Lady C. What! asleep at this hour, Edward?

Edw. I beg your pardon, my lady—I am waiting his majesty's rising. [*Removes chairs.*]

Lady C. You will come and let the queen know when the king is visible. [*Perceives Charles.*] Heavens! your majesty in this dress?

Chas. Good morning, Lady Clara. [*Aside.*] I wish I may die if I know how to turn the matter off.

Lady C. I ask your majesty's pardon; but really, I cannot help laughing—So odd a dress!

Chas. [*Affecting an unembarrassed air.*] What! it amuses you, ha! ha! My regular morning dress, I assure you. I have taken a whim for gardening lately, and every morning, by day-light, I am on the terrace, planting, transplanting, and training. Oh! you should see how busy I am, particularly among the roses.

Lady C. I have no doubt your majesty has an eye for every fresh one that blows. But how quiet you have been in these pursuits!

Chas. One does not want all the world to know of one's caprices.

Lady C. How can your majesty call such an innocent occupation by such a name? How happy the nation whose sovereign has a taste so pure and simple.

Chas. But what has procured me the pleasure of seeing your ladyship so early.

Lady C. The queen, sire, knowing how deeply you were

immersed in affairs of state last night—

Chas. Why, yes, in truth, I had a busy night of it.

Lady C. She sent me to enquire how your majesty had slept.

Chas. Very restless—very restless—I tumbled and tossed about sadly.

Lady C. Ah! why does not your majesty take more care of yourself? You devote yourself too much to your people. This night-work will be too much for you.

Chas. Why, yes, if it were often as severe as last night.

Lady C. Indeed, your majesty must give up these midnight labours to your ministers.

Chas. [*Apart.*] To my ministers, ha! ha! Egad! I should like to see old Clarendon and Ormond hob-a-nobbing with uncle Copp, struggling for kisses with Mary, and scouring the lanes of Wapping at full speed. [*Aloud.*] Well, my Lady Clara, have you anything further to communicate?

Lady C. Might I presume, I have a favour to request of your majesty. An author, in whose cause I take a warm interest, has offended a person high in power, and is threatened with a prosecution.

Chas. The blockhead! let him write against me only, and they'll never trouble him.

Lady C. His pardon depends upon your majesty—would you but deign to sign it?

Chas. [*Taking paper.*] Lady Clara, you look amazingly well this morning—I can refuse you nothing. [*Signs the paper.*] And now to make my toilette. [*Crosses, L.—Aside.*] Safe at last! she suspects nothing. [*Exit, L.*]

Lady C. [*Smiling.*] He thinks he has deceived me. Oh, these men, these men! how they will impose upon us easy, simple, *knowing* women! [*To Edward.*] A person from the city, with a young girl, desires to speak with his majesty—you will permit them to await him here. I will myself conduct them. [*Exit.*]

Edw. [*Alone.*] This should be Captain Copp; in his blunt honesty, he determined to bring the watch himself to the king. But why his niece? No doubt, to let her have a sight of the palace. Here they come, sure enough. Now for another puzzle about my physiognomy.

[*Retires up a little, L. S. E.*]

Edw. Copp speaks outside

Enter COPP and MARY, at the back-door flat, the two Beef-eaters oppose their entrance.

Copp. Oddsfish! I never knew such a piece of work to get into a house before. If that good-looking gentlewoman had not seen us from the window, and taken our part, hang me if I don't think they would have turned us adrift.

Edw. [Apart.] So! I suspect Lady Clara is in the plot.
[Retires, L. U. E.]

Mary. What beautiful rooms!

Copp. Gingerbread finery! I would not change the bar-room of the grand Admiral for the best of them. But what a bother to give a watch back to the right owner! Why, there's no finding the king in his own house. Now, for my part, I always stand on the threshold, and if any one comes, there's my hand. Tip us your bone, says I, and make yourself welcome. That's what I call acting like a king of good fellows.

Mary. Oh, uncle, I have always heard say that the king is very kind and affable; and, I dare say, when you hand him back his watch, he will behave with generosity.

Copp. Generosity! Why, dost think, girl, I'd take a reward? No, no! They say Charley's not overstocked with the shiners: I want none of them. To be sure, he may do the civil thing—he may ask us to stay, and take pot-luck, perhaps.

Mary. Pot-luck, uncle!

Copp. Ay, in a friendly way, d'ye see? And I don't care if I did, if it were only to see how royalty messed. But where the deuce is the king to be found? Oh! yonder is a fine gimcrack young gentleman, who, perhaps, can tell us—I'll hail him. Yo-ho! messmate!

[Exit, hallooing after Edward, L. S. E.]

Mary. What a beautiful place this is! But, without content, grandeur is not to be envied. The humble and the good, may be as happy in a cottage as a palace.

AIR.

Not in the pictured halls,
Not amid marble walls
Will young Love dwell

Love's home's the heart alone,
That heart, too, all his own,
Else, Love, farewell!

Enter COPP, L. U. E., pulling Edward, who tries to hide his face.

Copp. Come along, young man—don't be so bashful—you needn't mind us.

Edw. [Aside.] Let me put on a steady face—*[Aloud.]* You come to speak to his majesty?

Mary. Yes, sir, we come—*[Apart.]* Dear uncle, those features—how my heart beats!

Copp. [Supporting her.] Why, what ails thee, my girl?

Edw. Is anything the matter with the young lady? Let me assist her?

Copp. Thank'ee, thank'ee, *[Putting up his elbow,]* young gentleman. But, by your leave, if you please.

Mary. Did you ever see such a resemblance, uncle?

Copp. [Looking at Edward.] Oddsfish! he is like, indeed! But it can't be him!

Mary. I like Mr. Georgini's face better—it is more animated.

Copp. Don't talk to me of that Georgini. Didst not tell me, he took a ring of that land-pirate? And then to disappear so suddenly.

Mary. How can you suspect him, uncle? The most honourable, the most upright! I dare say he only took it to keep it for the right owner.

Edw. [Apart.] Dear, confiding Mary!

Copp. That ring should not have remained in his hand a single moment. It may bring suspicion on my house—on my character. Fire and fury! if I catch him—

Mary. No swearing in the king's palace.

Copp. That's true; I should not swear. But, that old Captain Copp, whom everybody knows to be honest, should have such tricks played in his house. Thunder and lightning!

Mary. My dear uncle!

Copp. Well, well, true, no swearing. But what keeps the king so long?

Edw. I think I hear him. Step into that apartment—a lady will introduce you.

Copp. Ah! the same that I saw at the window—very well. But I say, Mister, don't keep me waiting. Just hint to the king, that I've no time to lose. Tell him there's a launch at Wapping to-day—busy times at the Grand Admiral.

Mary. Let us retire, uncle. I dare say we shall be sent for in good time.

Copp. Very well, very well. But do think of the Grand Admiral—all aback for want of me. If the king loses his watch again, the devil take me—Oh! I forgot—I mustn't swear in the king's palace. *[Exit with Mary, R.]*

Edw. This will be a whimsical court presentation, truly! His majesty's perplexities are not yet over.

Enter CHARLES in his riding dress, R.

Chas. Has Rochester appeared?

Edw. Not yet, sire.

Chas. *[Apart.]* What could be his motive for the cruel trick he played me?

Edw. Your majesty asked for Lord Rochester; here he comes with Lady Clara. *[Retires up, R.]*

Enter ROCHESTER and LADY CLARA, R.

Roch. May I venture to ask if your majesty has passed a comfortable night?

Chas. Indifferent, my lord—*[Low to him]*—Traitor!

Lady C. *[Smiling.]* I understood his lordship had assisted your majesty in your labours.

Roch. Not throughout, my lady. An accident obliged me to leave his majesty in rather a moment of perplexity.

Chas. *[Angrily.]* Yes, his lordship left the whole weight of—business—upon my shoulders.

Roch. I doubt not your majesty got through with your usual address.

Chas. *[Apart.]* Perfidious varlet! *[Aloud.]* My lord, you will please to present yourself in my study at two o'clock. I have something particular to say to you.

Roch. Deign to dispense with my attendance, sire. I quit London in a few moments for my estate, as I mentioned yesterday. I am a great offender. It is time to exile myself from court, and turn hermit.

Chas. *[Harshly.]* I approve the project; but will take the liberty of choosing your hermitage myself.

Roch. [*Low to Lady Clara.*] The king is furious against me.

Lady C. Courage, my lord, all will end well.

Copp. [*Without.*] What the devil is the meaning of this ? Am I to be kept here all day ?

Chas. What uproar is that ?

Lady C. Oh ! two persons whom I met this morning, seeking to speak with his majesty on some personal concern. As I know him to be so accessible to the people, I undertook to present them.

Chas. Just now, it is impossible.

Lady C. I am very sorry, especially on the young girl's account.

Chas. A young girl, did you say ?

Lady C. Beautiful as an angel !

Chas. Oh ! since you take such interest in her, Lady Clara—[*To Edward.*—] Show them in. [*Retires up.*]

Enter COPP and MARY, R.

Edw. [*Preceding them.*] Come in—his majesty consents to hear you.

Copp. I'm taken all aback—my courage begins to fail me.

Mary. What have you to fear, my dear uncle ?

[*Keeps her eyes modestly cast down.*]

Copp. Fear ! it isn't fear, look ye. But, somehow, I never fell in with a king before in all my cruising.

Chas. [*Apart.*] Copp and his niece ! here's a pretty rencontre.

[*Summoning up dignity.*]

Copp. Well, I suppose I must begin. Oddsfish ! I had it all settled in my head, and now, the deuce a word can I muster up.

Mary. Come, uncle, courage ! I never saw you so cast down before.

Chas. [*Apart.*] I hope he will not recognize me.

" Roch. [*Low to Lady Clara.*] Is not my niece a pretty " lass ?

" Lady C. She is, indeed, my lord ; you may be proud " of her.

Copp. Well, then, what I had to say is this. [*Low.*] Hey, Mary, what is it I had to say ?

Mary. Relate simply what passed.

Copp. Right, my girl, right. But oddsfish! I feel so queer, I'll be hanged if I can look him in the face.

Mary. It would not be respectful to stare at his majesty.

[Keeps her eyes modestly cast down.]

Chas. What is your name, my good friend? *[To Copp.]*

Copp. Copp, at your service; that is to say, Copland, or Captain Copp, as they call me. And here's Mary, my niece, who, though I say it, is one of the best girls.

[While talking, he looks down and fumbles with his cap.]

Mary. But that's not the point, uncle.

Copp. Eh! true, very true, always keep to the point, like a good helmsman. First and foremost, then, you must know, my lord—when I say my lord, I mean your majesty.

Chas. *[Apart.]* Egad, he's as much puzzled as I was, to give an account of myself.

Copp. *[Still looking down.]* In finis—you must know, prima, then, that I command, that is to say, I keep the Grand Admiral, as honest a tavern as your majesty would wish to set your foot in—none but good company ever frequent it, excepting when a rogue or so drops in, in disguise—last night, for instance, a couple of 'scape gallows knaves, saving your majesty's presence—Ah! if I could only lay eyes on them again—I should know 'em, wherever I saw 'em—one in particular had a confounded hanging look—a man about the height of—*[Eyeing Rochester, stops short.]* Mary! Mary! if there isn't one of the very rogues!

Mary. My dear uncle, hush, for heaven's sake! *[Apart.]* That wine is still in his head.

Chas. *[Apart.]* Rochester's face seems to puzzle him.

Copp. I'll say no more; for the more I look—*[Low to Mary,]* dash my buttons, if it isn't himself.

Mary. Hush, I entreat you—I will speak for you—*[Takes his place, her eyes still modestly cast down.]* My uncle has thought it his duty to inform your majesty, that two strangers came to his house last night, and after calling for a great deal of wine, were unable to pay, and went off, leaving a valuable watch in pledge, which has proved to belong to your majesty. *[Rochester and Lady Clara in bye-play express great delight at the manner of Mary.]*

Copp. *[Apart, rubbing his hands.]* Oh! bless her! she talks like a book.

"*Roch.* [*To Lady Clara.*] Does not my niece tell her "little story with clearness and simplicity.

"*Lady C.* Charming! she has quite won my heart.

Mary. My uncle being an honest man, has brought the watch to your majesty.

Copp. Yes, by St. George, and here it is. The sharppers, to be sure, have run off with five pounds ten of my money, but that's neither here nor there. I don't say that, because I expect you to pay it, you know. In short, without more palaver, [*Crosses to Charles, and gives it.*] here's the watch—[*Glancing at the King, stops short, and gives a long whistle.*] whew! [*Treads softly back—Low to Mary.*] Smite my timbers! if it ben't the other rogue!

Mary. What ails you, uncle? surely, you are losing your senses to speak thus of his majesty!

Copp. [*Low to her.*] Majesty, or no majesty, I'll put my hand in the fire on't he's the other.

Chas. The watch is certainly mine.

Lady C. Your majesty's?

[*Smiling significantly at Rochester.*

Roch. [*Affecting astonishment.*] Your majesty's watch!

Chas. Even so; and I might have lost it, but for this man's honesty. I shall be more on my guard in future.

[*Looking sternly at Rochester.*

Mary. [*Looking at Charles and Rochester.*] The voice and the face are astonishingly alike. But it is impossible.

Copp. [*Rapping his forehead.*] I have it—I see how it is. [*Low to Mary.*] We've made a pretty kettle of fish of it. The king, you know, is said to cruise at night under false colours.

Mary. Mercy on me! what will become of us?

Copp. [*To Mary.*] Let me alone; I see it's all a masquerade frolic. [*Suppressing a laugh.*] I'll settle it all. [*Aloud.*] Your majesty will not be angry with my little fool of a niece. The two strangers might be very worthy people: many a man has a gallows look, and is an honest fellow for all that. The truth is, they were a brace of merry wags. Besides, if I had known for certain, I wouldn't for the world—ha! ha!—because, d'ye see—honour bright—mum! [*Turning to Mary.*] Come, I think I've got you pretty well out of this scrape, hey?

Lady C. I am of your opinion, Captain Copp. They were two sad madcaps.

Chas. They merit harsher titles, Lady Clara. One of them has been already punished, the other shall be presently. [*Makes a sign to Edward, who brings forward a chair, c.*] Captain Copp, I am aware of all that passed at your house. [*Sits.*]

Copp. Ah! your majesty knows, that he who cracks a joke must not complain if he should chance to pinch his fingers.

Chas. True, Captain. But was there not question of one Rochester?

Copp. [*Aside.*] Zounds! that's his friend. This is bringing one to close quarters. Why, craving your majesty's pardon, I did let slip some hard truths about him.

Roch. And do you know him of whom you spoke so bluntly?

Copp. Not I, thank heaven! But I only said what everybody says; and what everybody says, you know, must be true.

Chas. Spoken like an oracle; and did not you say that this pretty lass was his niece?

Copp. Ay, as to that matter, I'll stick to that, proof in hand. Make a reverence, Mary, and no thanks to Rochester for the relationship.

Chas. I will take care that he shall make a suitable provision for his niece, or provide her an honourable husband.

Roch. I can assure your majesty, you only anticipated his intentions.

Copp. Avast there! I don't give up my girl.

Roch. But you will choose a match suited to her noble family?

Copp. I'll choose for her an honest man; but no ranting-scout companion to suit that Earl of Rochester you talk of—[*Chuckling and winking.*] To tell the truth between friends, and all in confidence, I had a match in my eye, a young music-master. Nay, don't blush, girl, I knew there was a sneaking kindness in the case.

Chas. I oppose that match. That young man received a ring last night, but has not had the honesty, like Captain Copp, to seek the owner.

[*Mary involuntarily springs forward to defend Edward*

against the charge, which Lady Clara and Rochester observe and smile at.

Copp. Oddsfish! that's true enough; he has absconded with the ring.

Mary. [*Earnestly.*] I am a witness that the ring was freely given, and I'll pledge my life that he will bring it back.

"Lady C. [*Aside to Rochester.*] Your niece is a brave girl; but I see she has no longer a heart.

Edw. [*Advancing.*] He only waited a suitable moment to return it to your majesty. [*Kneels and presents it.*

Chas. How! Edward!—The resemblance is no longer a wonder.

Copp. What, little crotchet and quaver! Aha! ha! ha! there's witchcraft in all this.

Mary. Oh, heavens! Georgini a gentleman! But my heart knew it. [*Copp and Mary go up the Stage.*

Chas. It is in vain, Lady Clara, to attempt concealment. Behold the heroes of the adventure.

[*Rises—Edward removes chairs.*

Lady C. Pardon me, sire, I knew it all along—I was in the plot.

Chas. How?

Lady C. Her majesty, the queen, was at the head of it. If the Earl be guilty, it is we who induced him, and should undergo the punishment.

Chas. I understand the whole. But the treachery of this Earl I cannot forgive. He shall not obtain my pardon.

Lady C. [*Producing a paper.*] It is already obtained. Your majesty, over merciful, has signed it.

Chas. What! he, too, is the author for whom you have interested yourself. Ha! ha! ha! fairly taken in at all points. Rochester, thou hast conquered. [*Rochester kneels—Charles and Lady Clara retire up—Copp and Mary come down.*

Copp. [*Passionately.*] Thunder and lightning! this man Rochester! come along, girl, come along!

**Roch.* Hold, Captain Copp. That I am Rochester, 'tis true—a wild fellow, no doubt, since every body says so. But there is one crime that I will not take to my charge,

* This and the following paragraph are not in the original text.

for 'tis a sin against beauty—I am not the Rochester who deserted the pretty Mary : he was my predecessor, and is dead.

Copp. Dead ! gone to his long home ! Well, may Heaven deal kindlier with him, than he did with this little girl.

Chas. What say you, Captain Copp ? What say you, my Lord of Rochester ? Must we not find a husband for our niece ?

Copp. Fair and softly, your majesty—craving your majesty's pardon, I can't give up my right over my little girl. This lord is an uncle—I can't gainsay it ; but he's a new-found uncle. For my part, I have bred her, and fed her, and been her uncle all her life, haven't I, Mary ?

Chas. You are right, Captain—you alone ought to dispose of her. But I hope to propose a match that shall please all parties. What think you of my page—the music-master, who brought back the ring ?

Copp. Your majesty has fathomed my own wishes.

Roch. And mine.

Edw. And mine. [*Approaching Mary.*

Mary. And—[*Extending her hand*—and mine.

Copp. So, here we are, all safe in port, after last night's squall. Oddsfish ! I feel so merry, my girl's provided for—I have nothing now to care for—I'll keep open house at the Grand Admiral—I'll set all my liquor a-tap—I'll drown all Wapping in wine and strong beer—I'll have an illumination—I'll make a bonfire of the Grand Admiral—I'll sing, "In the time of the Rump"—

[*Mary runs down and stops him.*

Chas. Captain Copp, I recollect that I am your debtor—five pounds ten : accept this watch as a mark of my esteem. This ring I reserve for the lovely Mary. [*Putting it on her finger.*] And now, [*Beckoning all the characters to the front with an air of mystery,*] let me particularly enjoin on all present, the most profound secresy in regard to our whimsical adventures at Wapping.

Copp. [*Clapping his finger to his lip.*] Honour bright !—Mum !

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BY ROBERT

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This lord is an uncle—I can't **RES OF POLITE SOCIETY,**
found uncle. For my part, I
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[*Approa*

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